

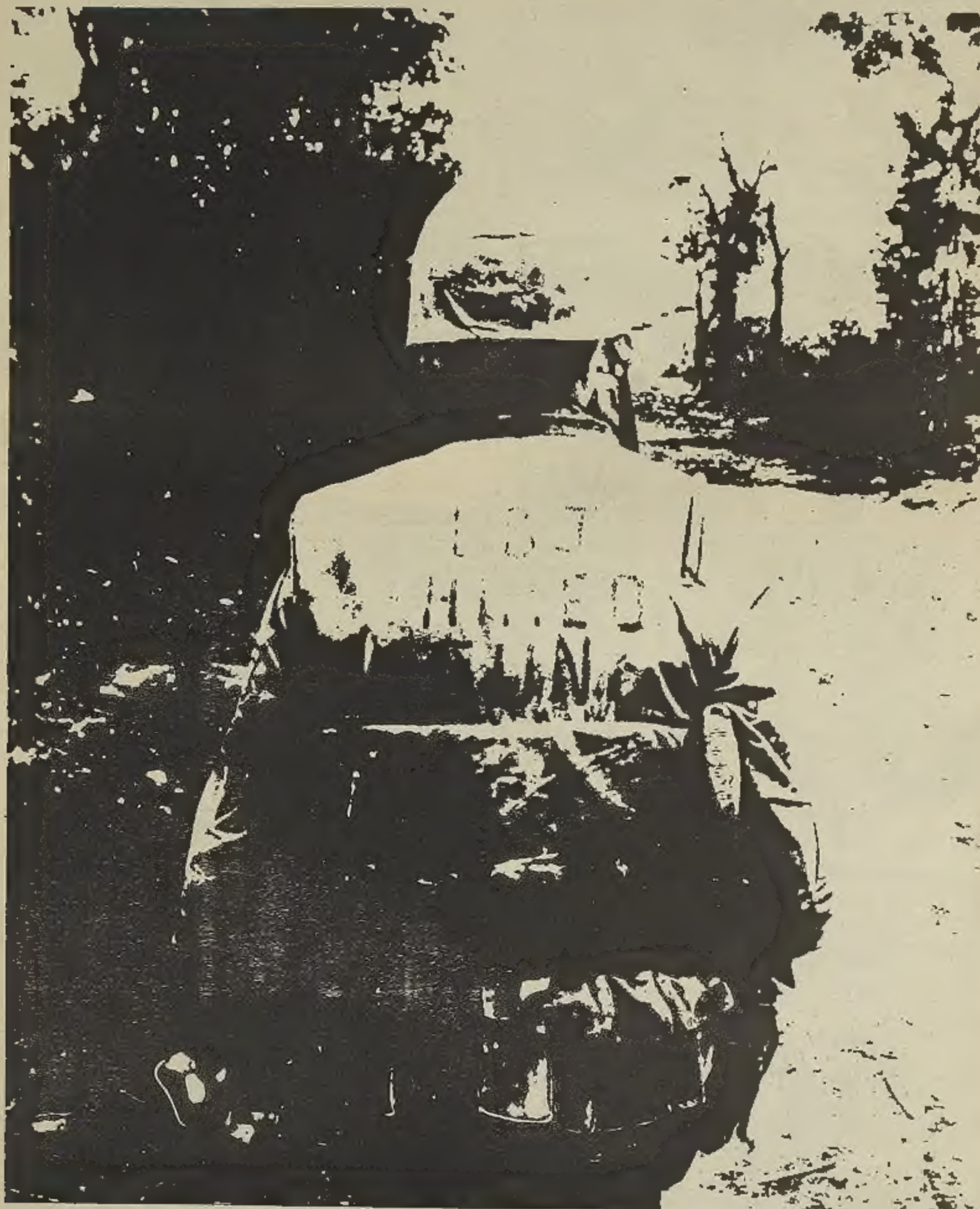
# it

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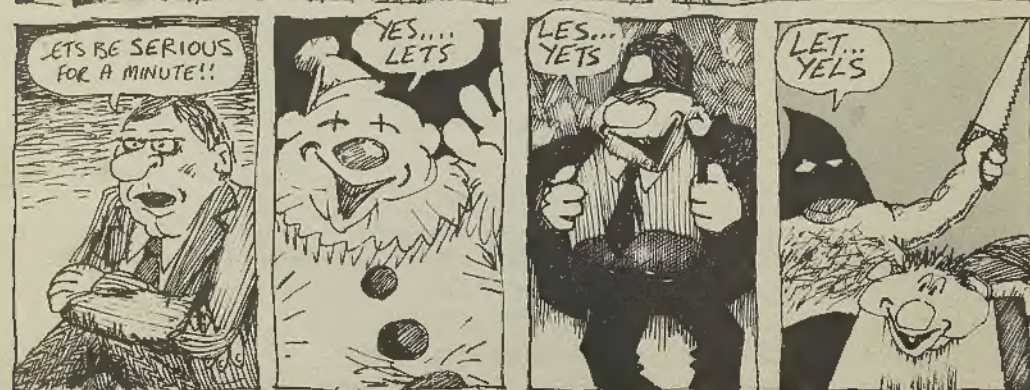
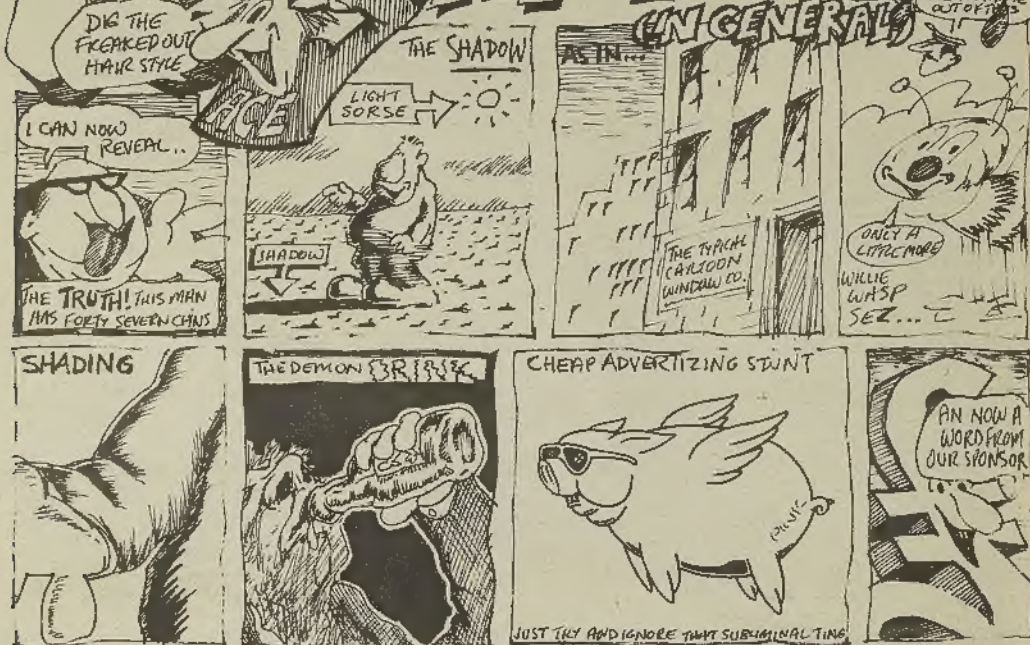
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# Funnies







DEAR IT:

Thank you very much for printing Lester Pope's letter about fucking up or nearly fucking up the Fairies gig at the Dagenham roundhouse. I am one of Lester's personal friends who helped him when he was having a "bum trip" there.

Also I would like to thank Lynn and Sharon, who, if it hadn't have been for them, Lester would have got his head kicked in by some cunt of a bouncer there. Lester was really stoned out of his head before he came up on the acid anyway.

Will you also thank the Fairies from me and Lester, for sending him the Pink Fairies badge and forgiving him, that is really appreciated.

While I have the pen in my hand and am talking about thanking people, would you thank Hawkwind for the two most marvellous performances I have ever seen, they are, the one at the Rainbow Theatre and the one at Windsor under the Marques. If it hadn't have been for the one at Windsor, I wouldn't have met an old friend who I hadn't seen for almost a year.

Keep up the good sounds between you, "Fairies and Hawkwind", and Lester and I wish you the best of luck at all your gigs.

I hope that "IT" will keep up the good work as well.

Yours truly, Steven Hicks  
53 Comerford Road, Brockley,  
London SE4 2B4

DEAR IT:

I was interested to read the letter from Lin Macdonald on "The Story of O" in which she states that the book is black-listed. If anyone wants a copy, Harrods have them for sale at 50p (at least they did a couple of months ago). So if you want to read it, take a train ride to Knightsbridge, and visit that epitome of the establishment, Harrods, where you should find it in the paperbacks department. Have a look around while you're there. They might have some other books nobody's told them are banned.

Love and Peace  
Susan Jones, 41 Station Road, London N3

DEAR IT:

When I was at an innocent age of 16, me and freaks like me left the hole called school and ventured into the unstabilised planet of ours. Since then, in the past few years the freaks have become like any other straight kids you see around.

I am getting very depressed and lonely. Is there no one around Chingford, Walthamstow who wants to know a hairy guy before I brainwash myself into a state of non-existence. Most of all the people I know treat me as something created just because I play crazy loud music and read filthy papers, and I want to make new friends.

A letter very similar to this was published some months back, by a chick in Ilford. I got in contact with her hoping that she would help me out for a time, but sad to say she didn't want to know.

Thanks for reading this and I hope that this letter gets published and that I might not be so lonely any more.

Peace and Love  
Pete Oxley, 74c Sinclair Road, Chingford,  
London E4 8PR

DEAR IT:

I am writing to say how pissed off I am at those chicks who build you up. I mean the ones who say to me your great and nice and all that shit, send you on an ego trip and that, then tell you to fuck off and really let you down.

Lots of love, Shaggy  
Leicester

DEAR IT:

Despite the continuing ferocity of the American aggression against Indochina, the movement in solidarity with the people of that area has gone into decline in Britain.

Today, the bombing of Vietnam (North and South) has reached new heights, we have seen the invasion of Cambodia, there is greater and greater intervention in Laos, and the build-up of Thailand as a war base continues. Despite the withdrawal of large numbers of US troops it is clear that what is involved is a new strategy not a phasing out of the war. In spite of the new

escalation there has been no corresponding upturn of the solidarity movement in Britain. This is all the more deplorable because British complicity in the war continues. The Conservative Government was one of the few to issue a statement supporting the American resumption of the bombing of the North.

The weakness of the movement in Britain is in contrast to the situation in a number of other countries, such as the United States, Japan, etc., where there has been large scale activity this year in solidarity with the Vietnamese people.

Clearly we need to overcome this weakness in Britain. The struggle against US aggression by the Indochinese people remains the focus of the world-wide struggle for national liberation and social advance. All anti-imperialists have a stake in the outcome of the struggle because it will have deep repercussions for their own fight.

The Editorial Board of Indochina, together with the sponsors listed on this letter, propose to call a conference to discuss how this disparity may be overcome.

We believe that the conference should be open to all those who wish to discuss the best way to build a movement opposed to US aggression in Indochina. In particular the conference should discuss how to respond to the US movement's appeal for supporting activity on October 26th and November 18th of this year. We would like to see the conference lead to the establishment of a new and broader solidarity movement.

To facilitate the broadest participation in the work of the conference we propose a) to get organisations and individuals to sponsor the conference, and b) to establish a preparatory committee to organise the

conference. All those who would like further information about the proposed activities, or discuss the issues raised, please contact us at the address given.

Yours fraternally  
Indochina magazine  
Union of American Exiles  
International Marxist Group  
Support  
Vietnam Solidarity Committee  
Socialist Woman  
Indochina Solidarity Conference  
c/o 182 Pentonville Road London N1

DEAR IT:

We should like to complain about FRANCE! We went on holiday for a week. It is disgusting the price of food, clothes and everyday purchases. In one bar in Paris (on the outskirts, not the centre) we were charged 30 francs for two litres of revolting French beer (don't know how they've got the nerve to call it beer) and one white coffee!! In a shop they wanted 24 francs (£2) for a kids plastic yo-yo (and it didn't light up—). It is really bad over there. What the hell are we going to do when we go into the Common Market? Butter is up to 75p per pound there!!!!

We suggest that Heath is decapitated and that the Socialists take over. AT THE DOUBLE!!!!!!

Linda and Terry Hayes  
(Disgusted of Crayford)

PS Long live Winnie the Pooh!



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# SHORT NEWS

**LONDON:** From next April, in case you haven't noticed, you may well be paying for your water—by the pint. Edward Heath's latest attack on the poor involves the creation of ten vast regional water authorities to cover the country. They will be empowered to instal meters for each household, at a cost of £500 million, at least. At the moment everyone pays a flat water rate, irrespective of the amount used.

The British Waterworks Association estimates that the average family's annual water bill will double.

And who will benefit? You've guessed it—private companies are buying up council-owned waterworks. They are in it for a profit, of course, so when the man comes to instal the meter, you may be comforted by the thought that you are making some Tory somewhere even richer.

Reports that government scientists are working on a project to instal an air meter on every citizen in the country have yet to be confirmed, but would you be surprised?

**BENEFITS:** Release point to a certain 'charity snobbery' among groups doing benefits. At their October 4th benefit at Bumpers, Release's eventual profit amounted to no more than £20, though in non-financial terms the gig was a great success.

The profit from the gig would have been substantially higher if Quintessence had not demanded £100 expenses. Five days later they played a benefit for the Free Shop for £25. Not that the Free Shop is not a deserving cause, but Release, despite the age old allegations of establishment infiltration, is still doing essential work. Luckily, the meagre profit from the Bumpers gig was enough to make up the £100 needed to get Alan Wandsworth out of jail in Morocco.

Meanwhile, back in Morocco, the local police 'suggest' that busted freaks sign a form admitting that they were carrying tobacco, which carries a heavy fine there. Try and avoid signing that form, if you dare.

**PORN:** The crackdown continues. So far this year 136,000 separate items have been sent to the Director of Public Prosecutions for a decision as to whether they should be prosecuted.

This massive pile-up—the DPP has only got three hard working wankers out of a total staff of 150 to deal with porn—has provided the authority with a handy method of suppressing material. Increasingly, the police are seizing material, and then suggesting to the bookseller, or victim, that a prosecution, which might or might not be successful, would cause much sweat and tears for all concerned. If the victim agrees, the material is destroyed. This method, known as 'cautioning' means that many items are being burnt despite the fact that they may be perfectly legal under the Obscene Publications Act 1959. Police Porn squads can make seizures on the assumption that their definitions of obscenity will never be tested in front of a jury.

Today it's porn, tomorrow ??

**HANOI (UPS):** A luminous orange sphere appeared in the clear blue sky above Hanoi on September 20 and hung there for an hour and a half before gradually fading from sight.

The mysterious object triggered off air-raid sirens all over the city when it first appeared. Barely had the sirens died down when three surface-to-air missiles were launched. Their vapour trails could be seen converging on a luminous point which appeared to be the UFO, but the object was too high to be reached. It remained immobile in the sky for over half an hour before fading away.

**WASHINGTON (UPS):** A Canadian manufacturer of rainmaking equipment is suing the US Government for using a device he invented to seed rain clouds over Indochina.

Bernard Power, President of the Weather Engineering Corps, of Canada Ltd., estimated that 1.9 million of the devices had been illegally produced. That's how many he estimates would have been necessary to seed the Ho Chi Minh trail from 1967 to the present.

Power says that he met with Air Force Colonel Robert Ginsburgh in January 1967, to explain his plan to close the trail with his rain making device—an explosive device filled with Silver Iodide Crystals. He was told that the government might use his equipment, but "we would hear nothing until the war was over."

Power decided that five years was long enough to wait, and filed a patent infringement suit after discovering his devices had been used, despite Defence Secretary Melvin Laird's public disavowals of any rain making activity.

**LONDON:** The White Panther Party has been going through the process of systematically re-organising themselves during the past few months. The Central Committee has had prolonged and extensive discussion about the development of the Party to date; it's organisational tasks as a Party; structural strengths and weaknesses and how they might correct them—they have been learning to organize themselves so as to make the best possible use of the resources available to them as a party and as individuals.

They are basically a local organisation, but at the same time have to accept that they are a national, indeed international, party. National issues affect day to day business in any community and they can only be dealt with on the level of national/international politics. We all suffer from the economic exploitation and cultural adulteration of our national wealth—our culture, and particularly our music. We are engaged in a serious struggle and there is no way the White Panthers could be more serious about what they are doing. The White Panther Party is committed individually and organisationally to the struggle of ALL people for liberation and self-determination, by any means necessary, and is prepared to accept whatever consequences that commitment brings—from giving up 'free time' to facing the armed might of the imperialist state.

The main thing to be said is that essentially the Party is composed of freaks off the street like anybody else in the community, without any experience of political work except that gained from plunging ahead the best way possible. Following this

'introduction' are brief Chapter reports—not all news of sensational activities, which is the only aspect of the Party's work most people want to know about—reports that just scrape the surface of the hard work that brothers and sisters have been doing in the last couple of months, and by no means covering the full range of projected activities.

**North Sussex Chapter:** The regional HW, E. Grinstead Branch, publishes the only alternative paper in the area called 'Gnome'; circulation of which is increasing. Being in a rural situation presents many problems to the chapter, the main one being getting the 'alternative' community together. At the moment Crawley and E. Grinstead branches are organizing gigs to attempt to solve this.

Other activities include: street theatre, alternative clothing supply and the possible establishment of a youth community centre.

**E. Lancs Chapter:** Have lately been very active in Rochdale by-election, working with other radical groups mainly to attack the candidate for 'The British Campaign to Stop Immigration'—Jim Merrick (who has shared speaker's platforms with Colin Jordan, etc). Rochdale Branch recently tried to attend a public meeting on 'The problems of drug addiction' chaired by Det. Sgt. Stan Collier (Oldham Drug Squad) in an attempt to provide another point of view to the local population—they found themselves ejected before the meeting started. Rochdale branch also part-run Rochdale's alternative bookshop 'Beautiful Stranger'.

**W. Riding Chapter:** Only recently formed—has been involved in some local demonstrations—working with the Black Liberation Party in Huddersfield.

**London Chapter—W. London Branch:** Mainly active at the moment constructing a community workshop/restaurant called 'Polytantic' in Chalk Farm. Helped put together 'free shop' in Portobello Road and are still involved in the running of the Westway's Theatre in Notting Hill Gate. Members of this

branch have been very active at various festivals this year providing free food, etc—at Reading six members were arrested for swimming naked in the Thames—Windsor Park free festival was kept together in more ways than one by them.

**Greenwich Branch (ex-Abbey Wood):** Weekly free food programme is still operating after two years. Members are involved in local community TV station, Cablevision, and in the formation of a 24 Hour Advice Centre in the near future.

**Croydon & Bromley Branch:** Involved mainly with squatting activity at the moment, which has brought them into some conflict with the local pigs.

All of the London Branches have been participating in the formation of a self-defence programme.

**Glasgow Chapter:** Are involved in Nexus, Glasgow's information service, and have done much work with the Claimant's Union. Otherwise going through a reflective stage—future plans include self-defence programme.

**North Durham Chapter:**

Another recently formed chapter—mainly working with Claimants Union at the moment.

Reports by John Carding (Chairman W.P.P.) on behalf of the Central Committee. Further information available from: Central HQ, Box WPX, c/o IT, 11b Wardour Mews, London W1.

Many people have rung to ask us where they can obtain some of the 'Make Distillers Pay' posters we published in the last issue. The posters arrived anonymously. We suggest, however, that anyone anxious to press the enquiry should apply to: Rupert Murdoch, c/o The Sun Newspaper, 30 Boulevard Street, London EC4. —No kidding, that is where they came from—make of that what you may.

We do not know as yet of any organisation working to raise money, etc., for Thalidomide victims, but Pete Ashby, of the Students Union, Warwick University, is seeking to have the whole matter raised at the next NUS Conference.





SCENES FROM THE REVOLUTION N°3 THE MARXISTS AND THE MÖBIISTS SLUG IT OUT IN A MOTORWAY SERVICE STOP!



BY Roger Hutchinson.

**EARTH:** Four years ago (and I could recall the exact date given time and inclination), I slid out of college, through a void, and into full-time deviancy. Unfashionably enough, the initial activating agent was not acid. Acid, some months later, agitated the odd pedestrian thought-process, made Bob Dylan sound like the Apocalypse given Voice, and introduced me to colours outside Windsor & Newton's range. For the former, the latter, and an occasional sunny day I'm retrospectively grateful for Dr Albert Hoffman's careless chemical juggling; but in 1968 Barnsley acid wasn't the hottest commodity around. It fell somewhere inbetween reading Das Kapital and going to New York as Things To Do Some Time.

No, in lieu of taking drugs I read books, and it happened that in the same week I picked up on three (still highly recommendable to unsure adolescents or flagging revolutionaries) pieces of literature: A S Neill's Summerhill, Gene Marone's brilliant Rolling Stone feature on the Chicago Conspiracy trial, and James Baldwin's Tell Me How Long The Train's Been Gone. At the end of this seven-day bibliographic blitzkrieg my consciousness cracked. Hullo, it thought, Something's going on

# You c'n be in my dream...

here; and with incautious abandon dragged me headlong into what historians and other romanticists refer to as the Movement.

It was a process over which I had no more control than the average foetus has over being born; a weird character metamorphosis instinctively conceived and intellectually developed. To the largest degree (and here the story begins) it was mentored by the underground press. They told me what you were doing; and when you weren't doing anything offered miraculous advice on how to do it. They stimulated thought and encouraged participation, and were more often than not honest—not perfection, but a pretty good hippy version of it. And they printed most of what they thought, which came so close so often to what their readers were thinking that an implicit trust relationship was established; they moved together.

And as the months passed it seems to me that this foetal 'movement', always, as ever, on the lookout for new ideas; hitched onto the notion (duly expounded and articulated so eloquently and often by spokesmen figures who ought to have had better things to write about)

that it's function was over, its political victories and cultural zenith behind it. The media which had told you that you existed now found itself telling you that you didn't. Why? Well, it rounds the whole story off very neatly, consolidates our position in the history books. The Freak Revolution, circa 1966-70: you may have no other claim to fame but you were in on that. And if the dope's good and the evening comfortable what better to dribble over than last year's Oz. Quite a lot of things, actually. Nasty disquieting things that won't go away unless they're told to, and sometimes not even then. Such as the most idiotically reactionary British ministerial cabinet anybody reading this has been governed by, a government which has pushed this country into its first colonial war since Aden so near to home you can almost hear the screams. Such a small country called Vietnam (that one ring a bell?) upon which the US has rained more bombs in the last four years of de-escalation than were dropped anywhere in the whole of World War Two; all with the constant moral and political support of the imbeciles that call themselves your Government.

Such as people still being imprisoned for smoking, swallowing, or selling substances of their own choosing; and kids still being imprisoned daily in government training centres decidedly not of their own choosing for no offence other than being born ...

All the bogeys, in effect, that got you so uptight in 1968, and one or two super 1972 bonuses ... which brings me, circuitously, to my point. According to my morning papers (and I think we can trust them on this one) Richard Nixon has been elected President of the United States for another four years. Able analysts than myself have, in this paper and others, explained the severe impracticalities of employing a political desperado to be the most dangerous man in the world. Two thirds of the US ballot apparently ... disagree.

Even supposing that, as Tom Hayden argued before the election results, the achievements of the McGovern campaign have been the stressing of issues "which transcend McGovern in importance" and to show radical elements in US politics as "capable of putting together real organisation, real machinery that's capable of building opposi-

tion to Nixon, resistance to the war"; the failure of that campaign is by now dramatically manifest. The American voting public has proven itself to be incapable currently of digesting even the innocuous brand of parlour liberalism set before them by George McGovern. In terms of world politics over the next four years the implications of that fact are terrifying. In terms of revolutionary tactic in the Western hemisphere it is a positive lesson. The populist 'democratic' vote in the US and satellite nations (of which Britain is one) is being manipulated, manoeuvred, or even trotting of its own demented free will to the Right, developing a neurotic dependence on oligarchic psephocracy. In this light, to talk of eras being ended and movements dissipated is patently absurd and simply irrelevant. It is saying to the Vietnamese and Irish resistance movements and anyone else who's interested: Sorry, chaps, we've run out of ideas. And, incidentally, it wouldn't look too good in the history books.

I don't think anybody needs to be told what to do, just to do it. Begin to build, not through sense of duty but because the alternatives leave you with no other choice; and because you'll probably find life less dull that way. And if, as the cynics claim, revolutionary youth consciousness in this country died of apathy when the Beatles broke up, then you deserve every ounce of shit that's going to be hurled your way. But if, as I believe, you're alive, well, and suffering from a bad case of media misrepresentation; then why not put some bleachers out in the sun and take everyone down to Highway 61. Abracathra. It's as easy as that.

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# ANGRY ABOUT BEING ON TRIAL

BY Robin McGregor

January 12th 1971 was a historic day of struggle against the Industrial Relations Bill. 100,000 people marched, and at the Albert Hall there was a mass protest meeting where Harold Wilson was booed and Feather got the bird. About midnight we heard the dramatic news, "Robert Carr (the author of the Industrial Relations Bill) got it tonight."

Ever since the bombing of Robert Carr's place, and subsequent modifications to his kitchen design, carried out by that well known group of demolition experts, the "Angry Brigade," the bornet's nest of capitalist revenge has been let loose, with a continual spate of police raids looking for "likely candidates for an outrage," to use the words of Chief Superintendent Habershon, appointed to 'get results fast' for the establishment.

This ritual of revenge ... egged on by nervous jumpy cabinet ministers, bosses like Mr. Batty of Fords, and vicious-minded lawmen like Peter Rawlinson, the Attorney-General, whose properties were all angry brigade targets, led to the arrest of six people at Stoke Newington in August 1971 ... to be joined in the dock by two others, now known as the Stoke Newington 8 trial.

The trial in Court 1 of the Old Bailey has now dragged on since May. The prosecution has thrown in every dirt-scraping scrap of evidence it could muster, leaflets about unemployment, women's liberation, the industrial relations bill, and mountains of research on property companies in order to support the basic allegation that there has been a single conspiracy to cause 25 explosions, and the charge of possession of explosives against

4 out of the 8 defendants. Such is the spirit of revenge against those who sympathise with attacks on ruling class property, that the actual conspiracy charge reads, "you did conspire between January 1968 and August 1971" ... Hey brother, can you remember an idle canteen conversation back in March 1968 about blowing up the bosses?

With the prosecution case now finally finished, the defence has pointed out that in spite of their incredible 1000+ pages plus of evidence, and over 800 exhibits, "the police haven't a clue as to who planted the bombs in 22 out of the 25 cases."

This is Britain's biggest ever conspiracy trial, and there is a strong defence collective fighting every single one of the thousand plus pages of evidence. Anna Mendelson, John Barker and Hilary Creek are defending themselves. They have no lawyers to muffle their arguments, no go-betweeners to soften the natural confrontation with class justice. They fight the case with a team of off-beat legal advisors called "McKenzies" who have political pride in their lack of bourgeois qualifications. Their motto is, "you don't need to be a lawyer to know the law, and to know the law is best." The other five are represented by barristers. However, they are forced to respect the collective solidarity (i.e. no deals with the prosecution at any other defendant's expense).

From the outset the trial has been all about politics. According to British law there is no such thing as a political trial ... there are only 'criminals with political motives.' This is how his lordship, sitting halfway up the wall of the courtroom sees it ... Judge James declared, "this is not a political trial." However, the defence insisted on asking the jurors questions about their political prejudices, their relationship with Securitor, with the police, the armed forces, and the ruling class. This has never happened before. On this basis the defence scrupulously selected a 100% working class jury, including several unemployed. From their natural class experience of police repression and establishment violence,

the defence puts across arguments to the jury about government attacks on the working class. The courtroom struggle inside is sometimes a mirror of the class struggle outside.

The sombre absurdity of the pompous white wigs and black gowns, the ritual bowing and scraping in front of the judge, the deathly atmosphere of silent reason and blind justice is daily attacked by John, Anna and Hilary defending themselves, using the sort of language that ordinary people talk, words that a working class jury uses. This changes their role in the case from mere passive objects in the dock, into the active accusers of the prosecution and the state, an eye to eyeball confrontation with police fabrications. Already John Barker has cited Robert Mark, the new police chief, for contempt of court, and the Guardian newspaper of June 22nd reports the Judge's decision on the defendants' application; i.e. Mark is in contempt of court.

The defence has even challenged the establishment experts on explosives and chemistry. The two scientists, Yallop and Lidstone, claim that the prosecution's selection of 25 bombings comprises a consistent pattern of chemical make-up. Conveniently all recent political bombing attacks on the government have not been included in their wonderful scientific charts. These experts admitted that several bombings since the arrests in August 1972 fitted their chemical analysis of "Angry Brigade" style explosions ... but the prosecution did not want to know, because it tends to suggest the police may not have arrested the "Angry Brigade" at all. When questioned by the defence Lidstone said, "it is part of my job to help the police in any way I can" and "no, I have never given evidence for the defence. I can't have a foot in both camps." The myth of scientific integrity had been attacked and the jury saw them exposed for the government hacks that they are. Now the defence is going to prove that this 'scientific' conspiracy of 25 bombings is completely arbitrary ... there are few

connections between the machine-gunning of the Spanish Embassy in 1968, and the bombing of Carr's house in 1971. The prosecutor has been overheard grumbling bitterly, "I don't know what's happened to forensic science these days."

Over half the special Angry Brigade bomb squad detectives are Special Branch. Inspector Palmer-Hall, new S.B. expert on Middle East affairs, admits that he was sent to join the squad by no less than the former head of Special Branch, Deputy Assistant Commissioner Ferguson-Smith. Special Branch in Manchester had kept tabs on the Cannock St. Commune where four defendants once lived, and their activity against the Industrial Relations Bill, and their involvement in the Manchester Claimants Union is part of the evidence against them.

In the witness-box Special Branch are often amazingly shy about the nature of their work. One after another they say like puppets, "I cannot answer any questions concerning the work of Special Branch", "it is not in the public interest", "I have signed the Official Secrets' Act and therefore cannot divulge confidential information."

One defendant attacked Special Branch Inspector Palmer-Hall, asking, "is the nature of your work secret because you have special authority to organize illegal operations against political militants? Does Special Branch remain secret because of what happened in the IRA arms trial (reported in the Sunday Mirror and Sunday Times of June 18th) in which Special Branch organised the planting of guns and explosives on the defendants? Instantly the good inspector blurts out, "I can't answer that question," and then realising too late the mistake, he hastily adds, "NO, CERTAINLY NOT!..." of course the English secret police would never dream of doing things like that.

And so those defending themselves keep putting the awkward questions that lawyers never dare to pose, questions which bring red faces to the courtroom hierarchy, and dithering embarrassment from the witnesses.

Much of the case hangs on the Amherst Rd. Police raid, a rough crew of detective sergeants and others under their command, claiming that after 50 miserably unsuccessful raids on political militants, suddenly they found the lot. Sergeant Davies and Gilham claimed they found sub-machine guns, gelignite and detonators. The defence has challenged this evidence as total perjury and fabrication. Gilham, Davies and Doyle, from Scotland Yard's central pool of detectives (for top-priority investigations) have been accused of planting the evidence.

The court had been told "the investigation was getting nowhere." Even after the arrest of Purdie and Prescott, and after Commander X, 'mystery supremo', had been appointed to smash the Angry Brigade on the instructions of the Home Secretary and Wadron, the chief of police, the bombings still continued. In June the Angry Brigade had been declared 'public enemy No.1' and in August there was still the same catalogue of failure. In the words of Special Branch Sergeant Woolard, "we were getting on very badly."

In this way, the defence has tried to prove that the law had the motive for the crime, they had the opportunity, that planting is a well-established police practice, and that the investigation was given the green-light by the cabinet to get results by whatever means necessary. Of course, both sides in the case, the state and the defendants, deny all charges. But the defendants are different, they are fighting for their lives ... the only things the police officers

stand to lose if they don't get convictions is bloody promotion.

One officer with more charges to deny than anyone else, whose name crops up all the time, is sitting under the prosecutor's nose, juggling with the evidence. This is Habershon, Chief Superintendent from Barnet, who regards his crusade against the Angry Brigade and their supporters as his biggest case yet. Habershon is like a blustering burly Barlow straight out of Z Cars ... determined to get results and not to let anyone get in the way.

Solicitors get in the way, so "H" decides no solicitors present during interrogations. People's rights to refuse to go to a police station get in the way, (under section 2 of the 1967 Criminal Justice Act, the police have limited powers to arrest you on 'reasonable grounds of suspicion,' but Habershon's tactics of 'arrest for questioning' are definitely illegal), so "H" decides to grab anyone he feels like detaining for questioning. He tells the court, "I have been keeping law and order for 26 years" ... For "H" that includes 25 people wrongfully arrested and falsely imprisoned at Barnet. "H" accuses defence solicitors of being "all in it together." He views complaints against raids that wreck people's homes and rob them of their address books as "mere ploys to hinder his investigations." Habershon said that on January 12th he had barely heard of the Industrial Relations Bill. But whether the mass of people liked it or not, Habershon and his bully-boys were going to get evidence by gate-crashing people's homes—over 50 raids between January and August. Habershon decides who is guilty, like Robert Mark says, "the police know best."

In a previous trial at which the names of the Stoke Newington 8 were mentioned, in their absence in the indictment, Ian Purdie was found not guilty of the same charges. Jack Prescott was acquitted of the bombing charges. The good superintendent then said, "I know a conspiracy when I see one."

The defence reckons that through his beady-paranoid eyes he sees conspiracies everywhere ... Mr. Bond, chief law and order agent, is well aware of minor threats to the system. 25 bombings ... no deaths ... one minor injury. Mr. Bond calls this terror, violence and anarchy. But industrial deaths, accidental deaths which result from criminal negligence, Mr. Bond knows nothing about and clearly does not want to know anything. Every day manslaughter by the ruling class is a whole field outside the scope of my inquiries'. A policeman's first job is to protect the state, to hell with the public.

The Defence alleges conspiracy ... that the Cabinet plotted in hushed whispers behind locked doors with heads of the secret service to get 'the bombers' or failing that any would-be potential urban guerrillas, or sympathisers. Cast the net wide enough and some group on the Left were bound to be trapped. An incredible struggle is being fought from the cells of Brixton and from house-arrest in Ilford. The pressures and strains are impossible. Yet to be acquitted on all charges is possible. But they need your active support ... they can't do it on their own. These comrades need to see your face too in Court 1 of the Public Gallery of the Old Bailey. Be there.

Solidarity with the Stoke Newington 8.

PS. Send money and get information from the Defence Group, 240 Camden High Street, London NW1. PFSS They always tell you that the public gallery is full in order to keep comrades out. Don't be fooled.



# Johnny came bleeding home

BY Jonathon Green

NEW YORK: To tell the truth there really isn't too much of a movement these days. Of course down there on the remnants of what was once the flourishing community of the Lower East Side, that tatty but vibrant area into whose roach and rat filled blocks have come wave after wave of immigrants, all looking for fame, fortune or at least a decent break, you'll find those who say: 'Well, man, you gotta dig, y'see, it's not like a media movement, but we're all living the lifestyle' and they take a reflective puff on the joint or, if tricks are really turning, embellish the linings of their nostrils. And elsewhere you'll meet the radical diehard crazies, Yippies (only they're not really radical no more, and just read the Hoffman-Rubin-Sanders book 'Vote' to check that one out. It ain't *what* you do boys, just the way that you do it...), Zippies, (reliably reported to have been Nixon sponsored), the tattered last stand of SDS, and the other fragmentary groups of the Left in America who'll maintain that the good fight is still being fought. But it's hard to find out where the action's going down. The Movement, like so many things that so recently seemed so stable and vital, was part and parcel of that glorious decade of illusion and activity, the Sixties. Look at the 1972 Conventions: things are distinctly not what they used to be.

Or aren't they. Look again at the Conventions. In the quagmire of fuddled psychedelic merry-go-round of Flamingo Park, in the Zip-Yip 'demonstrations' and protests in the efforts by the anti-establishment forces to make their voices heard, one group do stand out from the rest. A group that ironically, or perhaps, given the times, inevitably, that with the 'straightest' credentials: the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. As far as they are concerned the recent elevation of their organization, flourishing in some degree ever since 1967 when Johnson was really piling on the pressure in Viet Nam, to that of the Movement leadership is yet another example of media whim. In a while, they claim, the role will have been given to another branch of protest. But the VVAW can hardly deny that their display of a dignified and disciplined parade at Miami Beach made the scrappy and chaotic efforts of other dissident groups seem distinctly messy and almost worthless.

'Nixon, Kissinger, Ky and Thieu, the Heroin Trade is Good for You' chanted Vets at a demo outside Nixon HQ in New York on October 23rd, the day the States put aside for honouring their Veterans. But this chant, and another which declared: 'Vets say Vote Na, Tricky Dick has got to go!' didn't compare with the simple message of 'We want jobs, we want jobs...' Nixon's HQ here may be a ramshackle building, but then the Prez never even makes it to NY City—just to the luxury

areas around it like plush Republican vested interest Westchester (where he happened to be when the Vets were telling their story)—but the external symbol of US economic power is already this Madison Avenue address. Here are 500 veterans of a war whose parades US government's have cried for a decade, whose justification has been their major interest, not mere burns or dropouts or even rebellious students. You can always forget that lot, after all, no red blooded American boy is going to mix with that kind of pinkoprevet. No, he'll be off to the war, off to fight for the American Dream (fuck the Vietnamese one), the Manifest Destiny and all the rest of the propaganda that the mass of Americans are depressingly willing to accept. And you're right, that's just what these boys did. Went off, fought the gooks, came back, but... what's wrong? They're complaining, they're growing their hair, they say things like 'Kill Nixon' and 'Off the Pig', they look just like goddam beatniks. But still, they are veterans, just like the one's on whose memorials such mourning bodies as the Gold Star Mothers of America, the New York Chapter, and the

Elite Corps of Mothers lay wreaths, and they did fight when they were told to. After all, what did the president say, welcome home our heroes... The VVAW really present a problem for lumpy America, especially the people in the mid-west and south, whose sons provided the bulk of the draftees for the war. Beatniks... patriots, who the hell knows.

People are worried, the government is not. And without government aid, without specific commitments from the administration, the VVAW is fighting a monumental battle against what currently appears to be insuperable odds. The statistics tell the story best. In 1945, when GIs returning from the war were given not only subsistence pay but enough money to get themselves educated at college or trade school, the standard of living was at 100. It is now up to 185. The cost of getting a college education is up to 500. The GIs benefit has gone up by the paltry sum of 40¢. 175 dollars per month

covers one's tuition fees, almost; it does not leave a noticeably large amount to keep oneself alive. There are 10,000 heroin addicted Vets of Vietnam. Approximately 300 more are returning every week. The Veterans Administration, the official body who takes care of returning soldiers, has room for a mere 200 addicts per year in its hospital program. Unemployment figures show that Vets aged between 20-25, ie the Vietnam contingent, are jobless at a rate of 8.6%, for the non-white Vets, the figure jumps to 15%. The establishment by the VVAW of the Drug Mending Zone in New York's Bronx, and the plans for a city by city hearing of Vets grievances can hardly solve the problem alone.

The more men returning from the front, the more it escalates. Nixon has been asked to approve measures to up the education grant by 46%, he vetoed it and condemned its 'excessive' spending; he has been similarly asked to find more money for drug programmes for Vets, such ideas have been turned down.

without a moment's thought. Employ the Vets, the ads on subway and bus implore employers, employ the Vets, says the Prez, 'it's not patriotism, just sound business sense'. The sick irony of this apparent programme, after a year of which Nixon claimed that he had exceeded his Veteran employment target by 300,000 jobs, is reflected in the comment of many Vets: 'You go to an employer and they say, "What have you done in this trade?" You tell them about your army training. If they don't laugh in your face they just tell you, "Come back with some civilian experience".'

Fighting Nixon's pigheadedness and the mounting problems of returning addicts and the unemployed are longterm tasks. A more pressing difficulty for the VVAW is in direct government harassment, and that isn't merely the two eviction orders recently served on the National HQ in New York, or the cutting off of all telephones at no apparent notice. On July 13th this year six Vets were indicted by a federal grand jury for conspiracy to cross state lines and sabotage the Republican Convention in Miami Beach. They were going to burn and bomb, loot and kill, or so the feds have claimed. Their trial, due to start October 10th, but still not in progress, has a similar element to that other prosecution of 'straight' protesters, the Bergin Brothers trial, the government case hinges on the actions and testimony of an admitted FBI informant, one William Lemmer. Lemmer joined the army in 1968 and went to the Nam the next year. When he came out he began, like a good agent provocateur, to associate with GIs who no longer felt that fighting for the USA was the epitome of their lifetime aim. He went that little bit further when possible, and talked often and openly of killing, shooting and rioting. Two things worried his fellows: in the first place his introduction to Martin Jordan, the leader of the Fayetteville, Arkansas chapter of VVAW. He claimed that he had met Jordan at a meeting to which Jordan had never even gone. The second problem was Lemmer's mysteriously easy exit from jail when he and 35 other Vets had been arrested after a demo at an airbase in Oklahoma. Eventually Lemmer decided that honesty, to a degree, was the best policy. Admitting his links with the FBI, he suggested that he become a double agent. Members of VVAW at Fayetteville grilled and taped Lemmer for 14 hours. It was shortly after this confrontation that the indictments were produced by the FBI. Lemmer vanished into what has been termed the 'protective custody' of the Bureau. Annoyed, for some strange reason, by attacks on him by Vets who are less than impressed by his informing, Lemmer has threatened that he's coming to get his detractors, 'in tennis shoes, with some cheese wire'. They, he points out, are mere GIs, he is late of the elite Special Forces.

Undaunted by what looks like another example of full scale government trumped-up charges, the Vietnam Vets Against the War are continuing their work. The war may end, but that will only mean an escalation in the influx of veterans needing jobs and in many cases medical aid, and until the government chooses to act, or perhaps more likely until Nixon finds such a course sufficiently expedient, they may well be the sole agency taking care of the returning heroes.

your flag...

your future

YOUR DEATH

join the U.S. ARMY



Uncle Chuckles has to write a written apology for his non-appearance in the last issue. Well, you know how it goes when you're a dedicated food addict, well I just plain OD'd on Jam roll and custard down the "Mountain Grill" and was found with all fours in the air, burping and belching and apparently being my normal disgusting self. Do you know what they stuck on my page instead, some bloody snapshot of Mick Jagger, I ask yer, that's no substitute is it? Bloody editors have no imagination you know, could have at least had a full frontal of a kipper, and while we're on the subject of kippers, Mick Farren likes to spread marmalade on his ..... what a disgusting habit. Anyway, to the nice people who sent in some recipes, I'd dig to have loads more, good hippy cooking, some ideas for Christmas perhaps. Cheers.

#### LILIAN BATCHELOR'S PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

1 cup oil / 2 cups brown sugar / 1/2 cup peanut butter / 3 eggs / 5 tablespoons buttermilk / 1 teaspoon soda / 1 1/2 cups soya flour / 1 1/2 cups whole wheat flour (pastry) / 1 teaspoon salt / 1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon / 1 teaspoon mace / 1/2 teaspoon cloves / 1 1/2 cups rolled oats / 1 1/2 cups seedless raisins

Lightly toast rolled oats in a warm oven. Mix oil and sugar, add peanut butter and beaten eggs, dissolve soda in buttermilk and add to mixture. Mix whole wheat flour, soya flour, salt, cinnamon, mace, cloves, raisins, crush rolled oats between palms of hands and add. Combine first mixture with second mixture, drop with teaspoon on cookie sheet (greased baking tin/tray) and bake at 375° for 15-18 minutes. Makes plenty.

#### COD BLOE

1 1/2 lb cod / 1/2 lb grated cheese / 1 1/2 lb potatoes / 1/2 lb peeled cooked tomatoes / 2 onions / pepper, salt, basil, butter

Slice the potatoes and put a layer in the bottom of a casserole dish. Cut cod into small pieces, and put a layer on top of potatoes. Slice the onions and cut bacon into neat pieces and arrange on top of cod. Dot with a little butter, continue to form layers with rest of ingredients making sure top layer is cod. Pour cooked tomatoes over the top, season with salt, pepper, basil and cover then bake in moderate oven for 40-50 minutes.



#### JIMMY CLIMAX AND THE AT-LASTS ONCE BAKED A CARROT PUDDING

Mix together:  
1/2 cup shortening / 1/2 cup brown sugar / 1 slightly beaten egg / 1 cup grated raw carrots / 2 teaspoons chopped candied lemon peel / 1/2 cup seedless raisins.

Sift together:  
1 1/2 cups flour / 1 teaspoon baking powder / 1/2 teaspoon salt / 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg / 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon / 1/2 teaspoon baking soda

Stir the sift into the mixture, put in a buttered casserole, bake uncovered at 350°F until firm (1-1 1/2 hours). "Some climax boy".

#### THE SHITS

A herbal laxative, combine equal parts Buckthorn Bark, Rhubarb Root,

Fennel Seed. Mix thoroughly. These herbs are non-poisonous and are soothing to the stomach and will help to prevent gas and fermentation. Dose: One small fourth teaspoon in a fourth glass of water. Follow with a glass of hot water. Take after each meal if the digestion is slow, or you can take a half teaspoon in the same manner upon retiring. Increase or decrease the amount taken to suit your personal need, but take enough so that you have three good eliminations a day. Children proportionately less according to age. This laxative should be made of the powdered herbs, then it can also be used in gelatin capsules. Two No.00 are the usual dose for an adult, if making a tea of granulated herbs, you would steep a teaspoonful to a cup of boiling water for thirty minutes, and drink.

(Back in Eden—Jethro Kloss)

#### A BANANA CAKE THAT'D MAKE SWEET YANA SMILE

4 ozs butter or marg / 1/2 cup brown sugar / 1 egg / 3 bananas (mashed with a fork) / 1 1/2 cups flour / 1 teaspoon baking powder / 1/2 cup milk / 1 teaspoon baking soda / pinch salt / little freshly ground nutmeg

Soften butter, then beat in sugar gradually, add unbeaten egg and beat till light and fluffy, beat in mashed bananas and pinch of nutmeg thoroughly. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Mix milk and baking soda. Bake in greased and floured 8 inch diameter tin for 45 mins—1 hour. Gas Reg 6. "Oh yama the smile".

#### THE ORIGINAL BHANG MILKSHAKE

This recipe is that given in the Indian Hemp Commission Report of 1894. The language has been carefully altered to make it acceptable to today's more tender sensibilities.

1/2 cup of grass or 1/8 oz hash / 1/2 oz poppy seeds / 1/2 oz pepper / 1/10 oz dry ginger / dash of caraway seeds / dash of ground cloves / dash of ground cinnamon / 6 almonds / 1/2 oz ground cardamom / dash of ground nutmeg / 1 rose / 1 1/10 lbs sugar / 1 1/4 quarts milk / 1/2 oz cucumber seeds

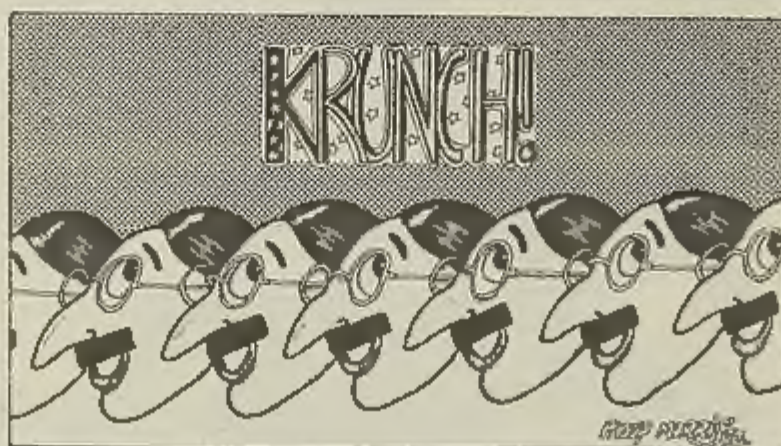
If you're using grass put it into 10 oz cold water and bring it to the boil. Boil for 5 mins, strain through filter paper or fine muslin and throw away the water. Remove the stalks and seeds from the mud and throw them away too. Grind what is left in your mortar to a very fine paste, adding a little of the milk from time to time in order to keep the consistency roughly the same.

If you're using hash, prepare as usual and make into a stiff paste using a little of the milk. Add all of the rest of the ingredients ground into a powder except for the cucumber and poppy seeds. Grind together with dope. Grind the poppy and cucumber seeds into a fine powder, dissolve everything, spices, seeds and dope in the milk. Strain through muslin and throw away the residue, saving the milk. Add the sugar to the milk and strain one more time. This will suffice for 2 people for one day. (Personally, I think closer to 8 people but each to his own).

(Taken from: "Leaves of Grass" by Hassan I Sabbah). Uncle Chuckles says: "Personally I'd drink the bloody lot".

A few more books of interest have appeared in the last few weeks. If you're an American comics fanatic then you'll probably be rather disappointed about the selection of material for the new BATMAN and SUPERMAN books, recently published by Crown Publishers at £1.20 each, which tend to concentrate on specific periods rather than spread their selections out enough. There is probably too much 60s content for the average fan too, though the first two or three selections are a sight for sore eyes in both books. More of this type of material would have been really appreciated. But from a general standpoint the selection was not too bad. Each period was represented and thus acted as a fair sampling. The nice things about these publications are (1) the fact that they are published at all in this country, and (2) the price—when you compare them to the American hard-cover \$10.00 original editions. I think I would probably get them just for the fact that they'll probably become collectors items in a few years time.

Also out is yet another book on comics (I might add here, in case you haven't seen a previous column that the 2nd volume of Steranko's History of Comics came out in the summer—start watching for it in Compendium, Better Books, Dark They Were & Golden Eyed and Bookends, or wherever else you think you might be able to find it). It's called COMIX and has been translated from the original text of Comix—An Anatomy for a Mass Medium by Reitberger & Fuchs. Published by Studio Vista, first reports were meant to be very good, but having actually seen



the book, I'm not so sure now. After all you've seen History of Comic Strip (Couperie & Horn) and Penguin Book of Comics (Perry & Aldridge), and I hope you've seen the new Asterix book that came out at almost the same time, Asterix & the Roman Agent.

The cover dates of two new National books are now available. The first is Shazam (February) featuring Captain Marvel and an explanation of where he's been for the last twenty years. The second is Sword of Sorcery featuring Fafhrd the Barbarian and the Grey Mouser (March). The States will have them in December and January respectively, so add about six months on after that

for good measure in this country. (And incidentally—if you want to see what the covers are like, you might be interested in the Comic Media Newsletter, No.1 is just out, costing 3p plus 3p postage, or 4 issues for 15p, from 22 Woodhaw, Egham, Surrey, plus a lot of news).

Still nothing on the new Shadow book. First, Wrightson was supposed to be drawing it, then Steranko; at the moment it looks like no one is doing anything. Len Wein, who was supposed to be writing it, didn't even write it. Oh well, nuff said. If reprints turn you on, then you'll be pleased to hear about the following new reprint books: Challengers of the Unknown (monthly)—

Kirby-Wood material until it runs out), Doom Patrol (monthly)—old DP adventures and assorted material from My Greatest Adventure in which DP featured, Four Star Battle Tales (bi-monthly)—Johnny Cloud stories from All American Men of War, GI War Tales (bi-monthly)—Dinosaur War, War That Time Forgot and Andru & Esposito stuff that one'd rather forget, Johnny Thunder (bi-monthly) the Western strip backed up by Nighthawk, Gil Kane did some work for this—it should be a very good book, Legion of Super Heroes (monthly) material starting from the 330s of Adventure Comics), Metal Men (bi-monthly), Teen Titans (monthly), and Trigger Twins (bi-monthly). As I said, if they turn you on, then fine, but I prefer to get my kicks elsewhere.

MARVEL: Barry Smith has definitely left Conan with No.24. John Buscema will take over on pencils (and No.27 will be the fill-in issue mentioned a couple of columns ago). Three new titles from Marvel: CRAZY, VAULT OF EVIL and SHIELD. Let your imagination run loose and guess what sort of material they contain.

And as a last word, don't forget the Xmas Comic Mart on Saturday December 2nd at Lyndhurst Hall, Warden Road, London NW1 (near Camden Town, Chalk Farm and Kentish Town w/g stations and Kentish Town and Kentish Town West BR stations and any buses that run down Chalk Farm Road and Kentish Town Road). Remember admission is free.

BY Nick Landau





**CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS** in IT cost 5p per word (personal) or 10p per word (companies). Ads for pads are free, as are the Free Musical Communications Corner ads. Box numbers are 50p extra. Send your ad—with a cheque/postal order made out to 'Bloom (Publications) Ltd'—to Joy, IT, 11b Woodour Mews, London W1 to reach us not later than 8 days before date of publication.

#### PERSONAL

"OVERLAND Through Africa" new BIT guide to every country in Africa, specially for the hitch-hiker and cheap traveller. (minimum "donation" 75p, all money to BIT and Omega-Namibia); also OVERLAND To India And Beyond, a guide covering every inch of the route from Turkey to Indonesia (minimum "donation" 50p); both from BIT Information And Help Service, 141 Westbourne Park Road, London W11 0J1 229 8219.

**WITCHES**, masters, circles, occult temples etc. Worldwide introductions. SAE Vobis, 'The Golden Wheel', Liverpool 15.

**ACT** today for daily pay in an interesting way. If you are young and tired with routine and alarm clocks phone Carol at 226 3831.

**KIRKDALE**, Alternative day school, Sydenham, SE26. Now has a few vacancies for ages 5-9. Phone 874 6212 days.

A **BAND** of financially motivated men are prepared to handle your plumbing, transport, gardening, painting, decorating, etc. etc. Dirty jobs our speciality. Phone Neil/Mick 24 hours 229 8219.

#### REALITY ROCK IS COMING

**PHOTOGRAPHER** requires young male models. Send photo (returnable) to BOX 142/2.

**BAZEL** 1301 with flat. Enough bread. Wants young, very young, unusual but intelligent girl. First for holiday for three months in North Africa. From 23 December then if suited, marriage. BOX 142/2.

**GUY** (21) seeks chick for sex on a casual but friendly basis—Manchester area. BOX 142/3.

**25 YEAR OLD** girl with Agoraphobia desperate for somewhere nice to live with 3 year old daughter, with space and people or person. Also work I can type, cook, clean, babysit. Walk dogs. Anything. Birmingham or Middlesex.

preferred. Any genuine suggestions welcome and anyone reading this who has Agoraphobia and needs a friend or some help please write too. BOX 142/4.

**EXTRA** cash from your car, 40p. Pin money at home 46p. Make your own cosmetics 46p. Pleasantry (regd.), 34 Cranbourn Street, London WC2H 7AA.

**BRITISH** citizenship offered by young gentleman, offers from £700. Geoff, 39 Christchurch House, Christchurch Road, SW2.

**BRITISH** citizenship available from between £100-£200. Final price to be negotiated. Contact BOX 142/5.

**GAY GUY** (virgin) 27, Nottingham. Own car. Seeks friends over 18. Photo please. BOX 142/6.

**NICE** lonely guy seeks nice attractive girl 18-25 years for friendship first. Ultimately love and marriage. Worcester/Warwick area. BOX 142/7.

**SOCIAL** worker requires gay youth (over 18) for genuine relationship—flat available. BOX 142/8.

**EASY** bread for both sexes. Casual cleaning. North London 794 2256.

**PERSONAL** correspondence service available. Details plus free offer (WOW) for SAE, Zake, 13, Trenawydd Ebbw Vale, Mon.

**GOOD** bread for all chicks and heads. Pay daily. 229 2252.

**I'M LOOKING** for a penfriend. Hobbies: candle-making, writing books, music, blues, folk and jazz. Anyone between 20-23.

Address: Miss Bridget McPherson, Dalhousie Court, Bailies Wells Road, Bieldside, Aberdeen.

#### PADS

**THREE** freaky people want pad in London. If you have space for us please write to Kev, 22, North Drive, Totteridge, High Wycombe, Bucks.

**GUY**, 20, seeks room in friendly flat or house-hold: ring Clive 01 352 0421 ext 273 (between 9am-5pm).

**FREE** pad offered to uninvited clean girl preferably a student. Dr Vaid, 28 Somerfield Road, London N4.

**UNMARRIED** mother, 23, and son, 21 months, desperately seek a chance in life. Accommodation, friends, willing to work, etc. Any area. Genuine. No kinky replies. Postcode, 40 Ravenswood Hill, Kings Rise, Colchester, Essex. Tel 62703.

**PEACEFUL** young musician from Scotland needs friendly crash pad for 2-3 months in Beckenham/Bromley area. Piano or harmonium in house if possible. Write to Mark Butcher c/o Ruthie Borthwick, 19 Dwarbury Avenue, Beckenham Q3 2P2 Kent.

#### BUY/SELL

**ROBERT** Zimmerman, Those early great years. Recorded highlights of his career. Send for details to Sheila Cradwick, 8a Grove Street, Wilmislow, Cheshire.

**MALE** physique studio. Send SAE for lists of magis and photos. MPS 104a Boundary Road, London NW8.

**GET** the gay magazine of the moment? Male International £1.00 (back issues 75p) is specially designed to please those people who admire the young male nude; or get Follow-Up (teenagers) 75p, Gay Times 60p, Jeffrey news magazine 20p, Quorum 75p, Gay News 13p, Boys International No. 4 £1.00, Kidds No. 2 £1.00, or "Gay Circle", a contact magazine 50p. D. Griffin, 131 Richmond Park Road, Bournemouth.

**ELP** Live Trilogy/Endless Enigma/Tarkus (long version), Bob Dylan "24" £3.00 each. Also the following Hendrix canonics on tape or cassette only £2.00 each. Tivoli 67/80/ Felmann Island/Tivoli 1970/Frankfurt, Many more rare tapes and discs. Nick, "Bridge House" Halling, Kent.

**MORRIS** 17 cwt van, low mileage, very good condition, reliable and comfortable, good value, only £1000. Wokingham 2294 (Berks).

#### FREE MUSICAL COMMUNICATIONS CORNER

**REALITY** studio workshop is having an all-day rock concert one day in December, any bands willing to play, carry no bread but some publicity, should write to Val, c/o 58 Abaddon Park, Highbury, London N5 "as soon as possible please" (sorry about the mistake Val).

**COSMOPOLITAN** rock band (Belgian, Dutch, English) offers 3 piece seeks work and management. Phone 01 388 1466, 01 485 2754, 01 388 1587.

**GUY**, with two good pals, wants to join band as a roadie, can't drive or play, but is willing to learn absolutely anything. "Is he asking too much?" Write to Bryan McGregor, 40 Bromley Road, Camberwell, London SE5 1274 0864 after 7 pm.

**TZOG** need freaky vocalist 15-16 with own PA, if possible, into Hendrix and blues generally. Birmingham area. 021 747 8706.

**BRILLIANT**, hard working energetic jazz influenced drummer (new Hayman kit) seeks a pro rock band to let go with. Adaptable, can play just about anything, no hassles over moving around, ready to go on the road! Ring Ken, Burnham (Bucks) 3719 after 6.00 pm. OK Ken.



**NEW SINGLE**  
WELL, WELL, WELL

**ALBUM**  
WHAT A BUNCH OF SWEETIES







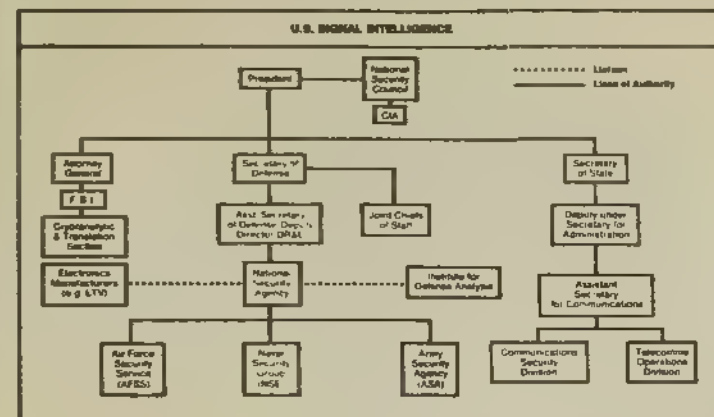




Equally clear was he officially leaked objection that Peck had been a junior operative and could not have been privy to the kind of information about which he talks in particular about what the President did and did not hear about. This again is a devious attempt to discredit without actually denying the story. As everyone knows, national security within US military institutions is abysmal and someone who was around even as long as Peck could easily have found out much that was formally not within his range.

asked Peck if he could elaborate on his experiences with the NSA operation in England. He had worked in the US Naval intelligence offices near the US Embassy in Grosvenor Square and had had conferences with his British opposite numbers in their offices, the General Communications Head Quarters in Whitehall. He was full of admiration for the competence of the British, but insisted that the US constantly spied on the British and eavesdropped as much of the radio traffic to the Foreign Office and M.I.6 as could. One hitherto unheard-of piece of information he revealed was that the RAF had a secret air base in an area near the Caspian Sea from where they fly bombing missions against Russian installations further north, in a coastal area where the flying missions against a Russian base were taking in the Caspian.

"They knew what the problem was for about two hours before he died, and were fighting to correct it. It was all in Russian of course, but we taped it and listened to it a couple of times. . . . Towards the last few minutes he began falling apart, saying 'I don't want to die, you've got to do something.' Then there was a scream as he died. I guess he was incinerated."



**"It was the NSA that found Che Guevara in Bolivia through radio communications intercept and analysis."**

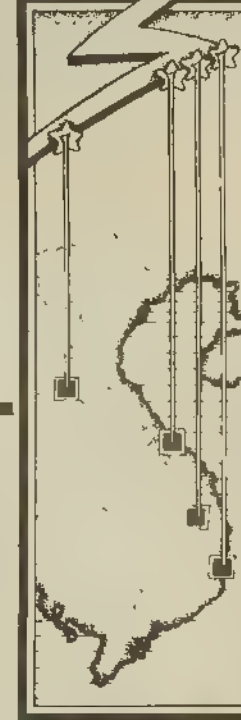
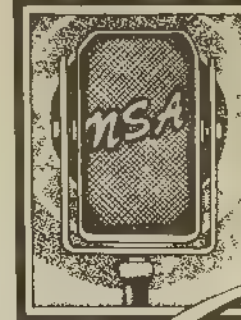
**M**uch is known about the CIA, its role in guarding the American empire, its power, and its structure. Less has come to light about the NSA, the National Security Agency that through electronic means monitors the communications of every government in the world. Its headquarters at Fort Meade, Maryland, are larger than that of the CIA, and it has no windows.

rest of the world the NSA knows for example, the call sign of every Soviet airplane, the numbers on the side of each plane, the name of the pilot in command, the precise latitude and longitude of every nuclear submarine, the whereabouts of every Soviet VIP, the location of every Soviet missile base, every army division in Latin America, company Kootenay, the NSA monitors it. And the NSA monitors "munic and commercial" radio traffic. It was the NSA that found Che Guevara in Bolivia through radio communications intercept and analysis. Methods have been devised to "finger print" every human voice and radio transmissions and distinguish from the NSA's computer operator. From listening to any electronic signal anywhere in the world they can physically duplicate the transmitter, no matter how ingenious. Therefore it is hardly surprising that the agency monitors and records every single transatlantic telephone call, not that we want to make you paranoid.

The NSA's main official function is to produce intelligence. Unlike the CIA it does not take any action itself as a result of the intelligence it receives, but passes it on to other American intelligence agencies. This is known as Signals Intelligence. SIGINT in their jargon. At least 80% of US intelligence comes from the NSA, and it is all derived through technology—the interception of signals.

The information received at these installations is constantly computer correlated and updated. Operations go on 24 hours a day. A frequent operation is the overflying of enemy territory and the gauging of enemy reactions and, if defensive capability. The plane used for these overflights is the SR-7 which has a very high speed, and can climb high enough to reach the fringes of space.

The first time that Peck heard of the SR 71 was in a report of Chinese reaction to an overflight. The report said that their defensive tracking radar had located the SR 71 flying a fairly constant pattern at a reasonable altitude. They scrambled MIG-21s on it, and when they approached









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# STAR GAZING



**What is the nature of a musician's appeal to women? Joy Farren examines her own feelings and attitudes to rock stars, male and female. Challenging, outrageous; you may not agree with her, but read her you must ...**

There's Spirit, who have such an incredible stage presence, as if he being hit by a hurricane. And the Good Old Grateful Dead. A nice family band. Our family, of course, no Mr. Catfish, Lord Longford's or Judge Argyle's. And there's the Stones, showing that nastiness can be nice.

I have always been a foot-tapper. One day he must begin. I want to move about. When good music happens, reality never. A close friend of mine starts to go. begin to float. Up, up and outwards. The musicians are no longer just people playing instruments on a stage by themselves.

I have never rushed a stage in order to reach the anger leg or any other part of his anatomy. Nor approached a group backstage with bedroom eyes. The music is one thing, the man another. Yes, sometimes bedding a member of the band may be an integral part of certain groups' appeal toadies. The music takes you up and you do not really want to go home. A link has been established. A pity if that link is broken.

But when she wanted to go to bed at ten o'clock, these "wax" works were still on, and the whole music ran on her finger drums. If she is interested in the music, it is not as if she were not to go to bed. The whole of the music is played, and she is not to go to bed. The whole of the music is played, and she is not to go to bed. The whole of the music is played, and she is not to go to bed.





# FLIMS



**KANSAS CITY BOMBER**  
(dir. Jerrold Freedman)

Kansas City Bomber isn't, as you might hope, about the biggest dextidine in the Mid-West. Instead it's all tumbling tits'n' ass as Raquel Welch and other track-suited lovelies beat the shit out of each other round a roller-derby track. From the amount of falling about there was, I thought for some time I'd come to a handy-loom.

Apart from letting La Welch pour herself into tight-fitting costumes, the film seems to have little point. There are a few 'socially significant' remarks about the exploitative nature of the whole roller-derby trip and of life and bla bla bla, many shots of the manically screaming, pig-faced spectators and a very tedious and unnecessary story line. Raquel as K.C. Carr, is miserably treated by life and the various teams she is called on to represent; but finally, tossing aside the love of her boss and financial security, she refuses to lose a hate-match with her rival (excellently played by Helena Kallosides, the only bright spark on a dark horizon) and thus salvages her own dignity as she crashes over the line to win by a nippie. If it was all like that it'd be as camp as Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls; it isn't.

But as anyone who saw the splendid 'Roller Derby' (phone in your cinema manager, get it redistributed) must know, the one failing in that m-le-centred movie was virtually to ignore the amazing women stars of roller derby. So sensibly MGM decided to shine a light on the whizz-bang women of the track. There are women like the Californian six foot two blond who wipes the track clean in the morning and gets on with her champion surfing in the afternoon, there's the black giantess from New York; but instead of a film about these, director Jerrold Freedman

gives us nothing to do but guess what bits of Raquel will hit the deck first.

Very depressing, that such a good subject should be so miserably wasted. Try and locate 'Roller Derby' and go to 'Kansas City Bomber' only for the trailer or for a nod.

David Jenkins

**DUEL**  
(dir. Stephen Spielberg)

The first twenty minutes of *Duel* could make you walk out of the cinema, which would be a great pity, because you would miss a film which builds up tension as fear better than any film since *Clouzot's 'The Wages of Fear'*. The film starts off ordinarily enough with a normal guy, a bit hen-pecked maybe, going along a country road and overtaking a huge monolithic tanker. All the situations are normal, ordinary everyday occurrences, which are slowly transformed into terrifying visions of violence and terror. The spectator is thrust onto the edge of his seat, clinging to his sanity, the sanity which used to be that of *Duel's* hero, Mr Mann, a reality based on preconceived notions of normality, a code of ethics which man has created for himself as a cotton wool padding against the frightening demons characterised in *Duel* by the monster truck.

Director Stephen Spielberg has constructed his film so as to maximise the feeling of helplessness to which his hero is driven in his battle for survival. He also brings out the progressive rise in man's aggression, and the cliff edge which the pressure must bring him to. It is only sad however, that stylistically the film is marred by incessant camera movement, strange camera angles, none of which are necessary. If Spielberg's power of observation had been lesser then visual tricks might have helped. As it is they can

only hinder.

*Duel* is a very powerful film, a great exercise in psychological terror.

Gordian Troeller

**JEREMIAH JOHNSON**  
(dir. Sydney Pollack)

After his hesitant peek at political life in 'The Candidate', Robert Redford is back again in his more normal rugged, open-air, good looks and better fists type movie.

'Jeremiah Johnson' (directed by Sydney Pollack, who made 'They Shoot Horses, Don't They?') takes Redford out into the photogenic Utah Rockies where he goes, scorning the Sodom and Gomorrah of the plains, to become a Mountain Man. These were a breed of white Americans who loathed the involving life of the cities and the plains and took to the mountains to pursue an individualist battle for survival, living by trapping and killing animals for food and furs. There was a constant struggle to reach some accord with the Indians, the only other inhabitants of that fierce area, and against the environment.

But Pollack is not content to explore this strand of the American character. He tries to infuse Redford with the mythic legendary character through his adventures. Although the pace is achingly slow, the early scenes of his education in Mountain life at the hands of quaint characters are alright. But after his forced adoption of a boy, survivor of an Indian massacre and yet more forced marriage to an Indian, the film goes downhill all the way.

Using the same whimsical style of 'Butch Cassidy's' horrible bicycling scene the family is shown growing happily together. Enter the US Army and, as ever, trouble. By leading them through sacred Indian ground, Redford incurs the wrath of the Indians and returns to find his family

slaughtered. Hereon the mythic element grows stronger as Redford turns avenging demon, killing the Crow Indians one by one and having significant and progressively more boring cyclical re-encounters with those he met at the start. The film ends with him jogging off for the Great White Plains of Canada, but the C&W music track tells us 'there's folks who say he's still alive up there'. God forbid a sequel.

A dull slow movie that loses sight of the potentially interesting subject of the mountain men's individualism. It attempts a cocktail of legendary Western, eccentric, half-cock realism plus fun and violence for all the family, and it bores.

David Jenkins

**THE RAGMAN'S DAUGHTER**  
(dir. Harold Becker)

Back in the early 1960s the French discovered cinema verite, a style of movie making which represented life in its natural form. The camera tried to capture events as they happened: they might be created for the camera, but the people and the emotions were real, stripped of the shallow gloss which the movie making factories had created over the years.

The Ragman's Daughter, based on a story by Alan Sillitoe, is one of these films: a story of a human relationship, which fails because the circumstances which created it in the first place are at odds with society, and society wins. It is a very lyrical film, enhanced by Mike Sarasin's subdued and expressive lighting, and as an exercise in observation it is very powerful.

A bit like watching a really good documentary. It tells its story simply and makes use of the surroundings, the drab greyness of the terraced streets, to bring its sadness home.

Simon Rouse and Victoria Tennant both play out their souls in portraying the doomed couple, and wow! Victoria, what a chick! You know, the sort of beauty where you stare at the screen and are scared to blink in case you miss something.

But, I just cannot understand why Harold Becker saw the need to introduce the dual time element in the film. It would have worked just as well on a straight love story of teenagers who had an affair and blew it. Added to which, it made it possible to suss from very early on that the relationship was doomed, a feeling which was inherent in it. Anything else is superfluous. It's as if the director didn't quite have enough faith in himself. Relax Harold, you did OK.

Gordian Troeller

**KLICK!**

Television, the opium of the masses, the nineteen inch God who provides solace, and comfort in the comfort of our homes. Television, the cultural common denominator, the leveller.

Theatre in the form of Greek Tragedy was born out of the

Baccanian festivities, the celebration of Dionysus, and as such, was essentially a communal occasion where masters and slaves joined in a common explosion caused by the realisation of man's inherent greatness and of his inability to live up to that image of himself.

As an emotional purging experience, theatre rested on its ability to reach all the community gathered together in a sensual purgatory. Over the centuries theatre became a more eclectic and exclusive art form, with performers playing to similar numbers of people, but those numbers now only represent a very small percentage of the community.

Then, as man once again realised the need for an art form in which he could let flow his emotions, secure in the knowledge that all over the world other human beings were expressing themselves in the same way: the cinema was born.

Television, however, was not. I believe born of the same need, and developed as one of the first technological masterpieces. Those responsible were attempting what at first must have seemed impossible: the creation of a form of entertainment in which the communal cathartic element had disappeared. Indeed over the years.

It could be argued that, in the privacy of his home, alone with the box, the viewer is in fact free to express his frustrations and find a release for his emotions. This is however not borne out by the way in which our society has stifled and repressed our emotional freedom. We are tied up in behavioural conventions which reach deep into our homes, so much so that an honest emotional or intellectual reaction to a given stimulus is something which happens only rarely outside the safety of a gathering of large numbers of our fellows.

And this is where television programmes score their victory. They attack man in an insular protected situation: one in which he is open to suggestion, and because of his situation cannot retaliate or join in a celebration of an understanding of his place on the planet.

A true rapier between artistic expression and the spectator is a bit like making love. It is of need a physical and emotional rapport, two bodies feeding from one another. In its present form, television operates in an emotionally anti-septic tank, creating white-washed emotions. A tragedy of the catharsis which is what entertainment should be all about. Television is a monster which cuts the life line between man and his community and feeds him with just enough information and representation to stop him from freaking out. Television is all lies, and make-believe.

Gordian Troeller  
(to be continued)....

# TV

# BOOKS

**RINGOLEVIO**  
(Emmett Grogan  
(Heinemann, £2.50))

In November 1965, a young man by name of Kenny Wisdom landed at Kennedy Airport, New York City, after several years spent actively in Europe. Despite his tender years, barely 21 years old, by this time, he had already packed in time on the nod, a small time junk hungry fifties JD, lurking in the waste-land neighbourhoods of Brooklyn who became transformed and while a scholar at a plush Uptown School turned in an astonishing number of minutely planned and well executed jewel robberies in the homes of his friends and schoolchums. He'd already become acquainted with the New York City Corrective System (but his eventual flight from the hardest of all cities was never down to the law but instead due to infringing the fencing system in operation in Brooklyn. Not wishing to be permanently damaged or fitted with concrete overhauls he made away to Europe for further adventures varying from knocking up Porny books in Soho to clambering around the Dolomites in Northern Italy. Here and there he indulged in little crime to keep his hand in and even worked out with the IRA, a full life for a teenager, you might say. But then Kenny had learned his lessons for life in the hard hard school of Ringolevio, a game played in certain areas of New York.

This game, while essentially simple in conception apparently provides the participants with a 'Reality' buzz, the like of which exists nowhere else. Briefly all that is required is a dozen or so players and an agreed area of city, say one complete city block. Both teams (normally aged about 12 years) pick a base area in the street to use as a prison, then they set to catching all their opponents and placing them inside the base until all of one team had been captured. The neighbourhood adults would naturally enough sit round drinking beers and shorts and laying bets on their neighbourhood team. Tough stuff indeed and Kenny by his account was suss enough to learn his inner capabilities ready for use on the outside world.

Shortly after returning to Gotham City a friend slipped him a tab of useful LSD and in a while 'he saw what was and will be—only is. There was a glimmer inside the privacy of his being and he immediately understood that if he became anxious or panicky, he'd miss the clear light of his own death which is a part of life.' Before he knew it he'd discovered that property was valueless or vice versa if you prefer, and he was inducted into the US Army. Events were moving fast, he figured to get out of the army by sheer terrorism and waited for Bazooka Practice to demonstrate to his instructors what it's like to see someone waving around a fully loaded Bazooka, a fuckin' tank killer for chrissake, like he was needing to use it just anywhere. Goodies



Illustrations taken from "Seven Secret Alphabets" by Anthony Earnshaw, Cape £1.95

to say they locked him up with a tight fitting new jacket and sent him to the shrink. All this took place in the fair state of California and Kenny had decided to be invalided out in San Francisco and to it came to pass just so.

He arrived in San Francisco midway through 1966, momentous times, the free-wheeling community of hippsters in SF were spawning the summer of love, hippies were appearing ready to be tagged by the press. Haight Street was on its way. Kenny switched to his undercover name of Emmett Grogan in: set about tackling the youth revolution with that same single minded determination that he had already shown since his Ringolevio days.

Shortly he and a few others began to distribute the 'Digger Papers' attacking the proto HIP Capitalists and their chicken-shit ideas. Then the Free Food began. Negotiated and stolen vegetables and meat stewed up in big milk churns and dished out to the hippies of Golden Gate park. A couple hundred a day to begin with. This venture was followed by the opening of the 'Free Frame of Reference' store where everything was free. Yes, you remember everything FREE; for why? Well you see IT'S FREE BECAUSE IT'S YOURS!!

Emmett grew more and more concerned as time went by and the 'Oracle' the city's u/g paper and the HIP Merchants set up a



Illustrations taken from "Seven Secret Alphabets" by Anthony Earnshaw, Cape £1.95

deal whereby the summer of love could happen. Emmett was hip to the consequences, but then his lonely rawhide existence made him naturally so.

A legend swiftly grew up about the 'Diggers' and their shadowy, somewhat bad tempered 'leader', Emmett Grogan. Simultaneously Emmett's paranoia grew by leaps and bounds, to the extent that during a visit to New York City he became convinced that the local hips were putting out a contract for him. He became moody and depressed but continued on, shouldering that free food. Perhaps his depression resulted from the singular lack on the part of the growing army of love children to appreciate the idea of Free. To them it was just so 'groovy', and it didn't cost anything. The shining idea behind it just whipped by their heads like perfumed smoke in the wind. Eventually as the peaceful band of dope folk began to degenerate into the crazy starved meat freak mutherfuckers of the later sixties, Emmett's melancholic absided again into junk. He began his snack habit for a while and continued his lonely battle to steal, beg, borrow or find the Free Food. The store whistled on, and Digger events continued to mystify the people but Emmett was just pissed off with the 'Losers, Cheaters and Six Time Users' that he felt infesting the scene, he is hardly warm in his feelings for Abbott Hoffman

or Jerry Rubin not to mention Leary, Alpert or even Eldridge Cleaver. Emmett was already 'right on' and puking, trashing in the streets of Chicago held no appeal for him. Eventually he moved and this time to disappear again, to flash out for ever from the public eye, perhaps to set up a food robbers syndicate and communal love farm in New York City, whatever it was it was to be 'real'.

Emmett's enduring hatred for blumph and bullshit is the chief charm of his book, the intensity of his convictions, particularly in relation to himself is enlightening to say the least, most people seem pale as shadows in comparison and his inclination to not people that annoy him must make him hard to work or get along with. But you can't fault the man on lack of energy or ability to stir the shit, and his analysis of recent American events is down-right appealing; all the way through he shines in his own words, always desperate not to be made a leader or a public figure, always hampered by the uncool demands of that self same public. The thing is I can't help thinking that Ringolevio, LSD and service in the US Army has produced the strongest ever case of Robin Hood's Disease.

Chris Rowley

**MYSTERIES FROM FORGOTTEN WORLDS**  
(Rediscovering Lost Civilisations)  
Charles Berlitz  
THE ETERNAL MAN  
Louis Pauzels & Jacques Bergier  
(both Souvenir Press £2.50)

Both books are concerned with the possibility of there having been advanced civilisations in the past. The Eternal Man is by the authors of the Dawn of Magic, a book that must have changed many people's lives. Certainly it changed mine. Mysteries From Forgotten Worlds is by the grandson of the founder of the Berlitz Language Schools. He is both an expert linguist and a scuba diver; two talents that must have been helpful in writing this book.

Although both books are interesting, they are, in a way, disappointing. Too many books like these cover subject matter that has already been endlessly discussed in other books. If you have not read any book on lost civilisations and unusual archaeological finds, then these two books would make an excellent pair to begin with. But, for those like me who already have quite a comprehensive collection of similar books there is very little new information.

Of the two I found Charles Berlitz's book a more valuable. It contains many marvellous photographs including some of the recent Bimini discoveries. These alone would make it worth buying.

The Eternal Man is, after the Dawn of Magic, very disappointing. The authors complain, quite correctly, that the ideas expressed in the Dawn of Magic have been plagiarised and misused by many other writers. They may rest assured, the Eternal Man will not be treated in the same way. The ground covered by the book is neither so controversial nor so thought provoking.

Joy Farren

**MAGRITTE**  
Ed. David Larkin  
(Pan/Balantine, £1.65 paper)

Rene Magritte was the master of the unexpected, he was an artist who knew precisely what he wanted in his painting and, possible more important, what he did not want.

Believing with Andre Breton that 'the surrealist went all out for the nightmare trip in their work, making it more and more weird in the search for total dislocation of reality' This was not the way of Magritte, he left everything as it was, with just one painful exception: a train coming out of a fireplace, a door with an irregular hole in most of it, a sky with floating leaves of French bread in it—the unexpected. Forty of Magritte's paintings are illustrated beautifully in this book, with a short introduction by Eddie Wolfgram. But the paintings—literally—speak for themselves, a brilliant artist, and a book certainly worth buying.

John Carding



# ROCK

## THE BAND "Rock of Ages" (EMI)

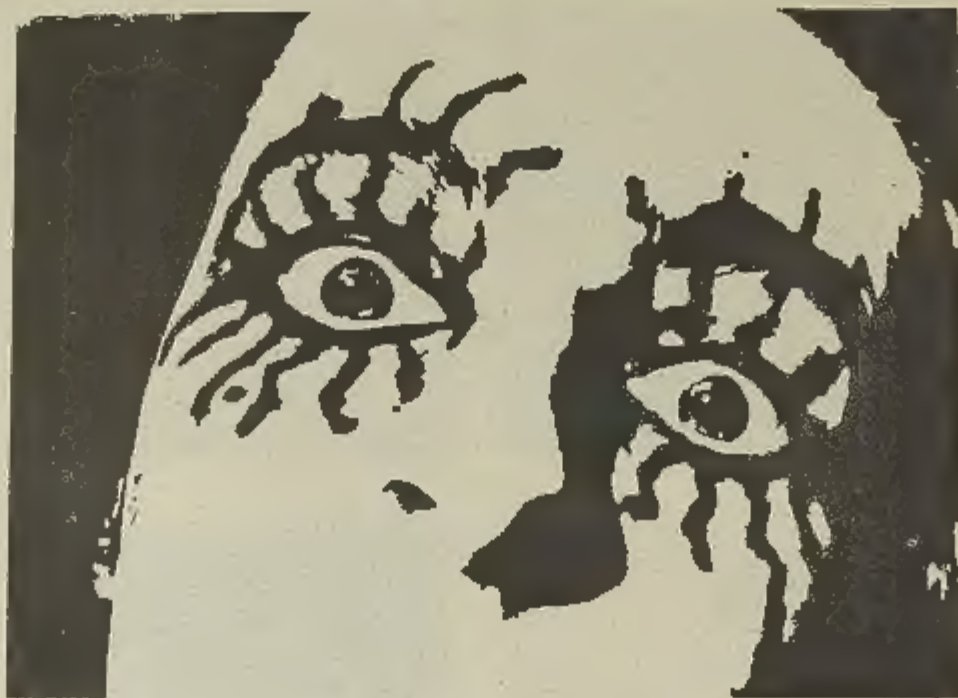
A while back I was leaning up against the pinball machine in our favourite hole-in-the-wall when one of the company remarked to me that the Band were too "fuckin' organic" and "sluggish" with it. My eyebrows knitted with deep thought as I tried to reconcile vegetation with the Band, failing utterly in this pursuit I twitched with the desire to plunge my index fingers deep into the offenders' ear-holes, right down there next to his eardrums. That way he'd never have to suffer them again but then after all it struck me that here was nothing really but praise, if for sluggish you substitute 'measured'. The Band are indeed organic, their music has everything about it that the tag 'roots' conjures up. They turn up America's dregs both past and future and carefully chew 'em up. The results are like mud in your eye and excellent music.

Throughout their songs run flashes of America's Past, it's practically historical from the crossing of the great divide to the plight of Georgians at the end of the Civil War. 'The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down' is now probably their best known tune since Joan Baez scored with it as a hit single, and as with the bulk of their material it's another J.R. Robertson Composition. You can practically get into the skin of Virgil Caine as he watched Sherman's Cavalry with a one-two-three tear up the railroad tracks, pile up the ties and burn them in cobblestones and after heating the rails red hot over the fires wrap them round trees—'Sherman's Hairpins' they called them. The despair of the beaten Southrons is evident throughout the song, 'You can't raise a Caine back up when he's in defeat', bleak times in the Confederacy 1865.

This new double album is a live 'un, recorded at the New York Academy of Music at the new year 1971/2 and it's remarkable for the clarity of sound repro throughout. The material is all familiar Band, from 'King Harvest', 'Caledonia Mission' and 'Get Up Jake' on side one, through 'Stage Fright', 'Dixie', 'Wheels on Fire' and 'Rag Mama Rag' on side two. Side three has the 'Weight' to brighten it and side four 'Chest Fever'.

They introduce a host of crack New York hornmen at the beginning and these blow with excellent effect thereafter. At one point Garth Hudson rips out into a seven and a half minute organ solo—'The Genetic Method'—which after ranging over fugues, jigs and whatever, slides into 'Auld Lang Syne' and as you might expect the audience makes numerous sounds of approval (Ah Hogmanay). Then it's on into a tight version of 'Chest Fever', and to finish the album (aimie Robertson leans forward to rouse 'em with 'I Don't Wanna Hang Up My Rock'n'Roll Shoes', as you'd expect the audience hollers for more

Chris Rowley



## ELEPHANT'S MEMORY (Apple)

Once upon a time, rock and roll burst brightly on an unconscious waiting society with the uncontrollable force of an incipient inspired revolution. It was angry and it was magic, invading everyday normal household reality, and it helped us find our bodies that had been hidden away for centuries.

There's still plenty of 'rock' still plenty of radio playlists and 45s and juke-boxes, but what happened to rock and roll? Where's the angry?

The question was "can Elephant's Memory help save rock and roll?" as I put this new offer from Apple on my turntable (—I'd liked their hit single 'Mongoose' in 1970, and I thought they were good on John and Yoko's 'Sometime' album; but I've got used to hands getting de-energised and 'safe'). Rock, high energy and bursting with power exploded from both speakers—wow! saved again! Rock and roll lives, unmatched, the best! and Elephant's 'Liberation Special' and 'Power Boogie' are two tracks that provide you with some of the funkier, down-to-earth rock I've heard anywhere. And the lyrics, like the music, ain't timid:

*"Ad-man steals our culture  
and sells it back to me  
but I ain't paying no money  
to buy back what is free."*

Ten tracks of good rock and roll to play LOUD. The relationship with John and Yoko (who produced and appear on this album) has brought Elephant's Memory to their point of greatest accomplishment—they should go much further. Obtain this album by any means — because once upon a time is NOW!

John Garding

## JIM PRICE "Sundego's Travelling Orchestra" (CBS)

I feel that artists' 'side-trip'

albums are seldom as good as the songs that put the artists in a position to make individual albums, with a few obvious exceptions like Bobby Weir's 'Ace', so where do you stand on albums made by musicians who've arrived mainly by playing sessions on other people's albums? This is not to decry Mr Price—his album is in fact above average rock and roll all the way through and a lot more interesting than Bobby Keys' album (who also played on this), with which it will inevitably be compared.

The music is a lot less hick-town than its title—the musicians are, as you would expect, impeccable, but at times the pained and impassioned vocal style affected by Mr Price tends to get up your nose, because basically his voice isn't right for that type of singing.

The album was recorded at Olympia, in London, and Nilsson, who I think is now living here, repaid him for his contributions to 'Son of Schmilsson' recorded earlier this year in London, so he has influenced some songs noticeably, others swing, from the Jeff Beck/Max Middleton band through Al Kooper to a strange pastiche of 40s 'Walk on the Wild Side' big-band riffs called 'The Strip'.

Before the cut-off at the end of side two there is a strange sequence where someone searching around the FM airwaves, picks up the last track, listens, and clicks the radio off. It's good radio music, satisfactory to listen to, and instantly forgettable.

Mac

## SKIN ALLEY "You Got Me Dangling" (Transatlantic)

This fine single has been out a couple of weeks now, and is starting to sell like a Jackson Five hit smash. Yes folks, next week's Melody Maker will have a huge front page portrait of Lieutenant Pigeon and over the

top headlines will read 'Skin Alley—Smash Charts, In At No. 2! Radio One airplays around the clock, interviews with other well known chart-topping underground bands will reveal that Skin Alley "are the tops with me", ELP and Atomic Rooster will refuse to play on the same bill, Top Of The Pops, bright lights, big city, and to top it all, the Alley's latest album "Two Quid Deal?" will just rocket straight to success, and some capitalistic record company will release an old Tony Knight's Chessmen record, and that'll be a hit too, cor!!!

A great beast, thundering record, you've gotta cop one 'cause all my friends have.

Right-on rodent sez: "They're the best thing since Gorgonzola Red!"

Dave "Boss" Goodman

## ALICE COOPER "Elected" (Warner Bros.)

How comes the music editor always gives me these wonderful singles to review, when they're already massive hits? You all must have heard "Elected" by now, even Jimmy Young plays it as background rumptus to his recipes. Pity about ol' McGovern, eh? Pity about ol' Nixon, ay? LBJ for the USA, mate, Alice don't stand a chance when the big pigs are out in force, 'cept when it comes to the charts. A very well timed release, as was "School's Out". That'll be the next thing though, four years time in the States Teddy Kennedy will have a hit on his hands.

Dave "Boss" Goodman

## HARVEY MANDEL "The Snake" (Janus 6310 210)

Constantly moving tracks, all roughly the same pace; pleasant guitar statements, without anything shattering: Sugarcane Harris and Canned Heat as guests, all largely swamped: little outstanding on any of the

tracks, and drums heavier than they should have been. Such is this. More stable than Get Off In Chicago (his previous album) which had too erratic a graph, but who wants pleasant workouts, of roughly 3 mins each.

Michael J

## BUDDY GUY AND JUNIOR WELLS PLAY THE BLUES (Atlantic K 40240)

At last an album of black and white amalgam in modern blues (if that's not mixing the colours too much) that comes off. It genuinely doesn't sound like a studio jam job, but rather as if a few various parts here all played together as a regular band, they all knit together so well. This is perhaps surprising, considering the appearance of the likes of Eric Clapton, Dr. John, and J. Geils. Surely one or more would have tried for the front, but not a bit of it. There are no ego trips, just pure musicianship, with all and sundry, apart from Buddy and Junior of course, who are supposed to be the highlights, melting without trace into the mixture. The resultant music is no solid gold forever classic blues, but straightforward, honest workouts, steeped to their hilt in proper feeling.

Buddy and Junior share the lionwork split down the middle, with Wells' winning 3-2 on side one, and Guy recovering on side 2. Neither artist shines taller than the other, then neither are they trying to, merely getting together as friends and, as the title says, Singing (their style of The Blues. There are no pretensions with them, as they honestly enjoy themselves in relaxed frameworks. Buddy's guitar is Blue (with a capital B) throughout, biting as it wrings every ounce of emotion from the solos on T-Bone Shuffle and This Old Foot; and Junior's harp although not scoring some of the highs it has in the past, is still a force, and a fine adjunct to his voice. Both men have great blues voices, Buddy's with a higher register, and both perform as well here as at most times in their recorded life, certainly better here than a lot of recent recordings. Junior's especially is strong and forceful in its growling.

There are ten tracks, most re-workings of others' material, e.g. Sonny Boy's My Baby She Left Me (She Left Me With A Mule To Ride), T-Bone's T-Bone Shuffle, Messin' With The Kid (ever present with Junior Wells), and Joe Higgins' Honeydripper from the late 40s/early 50s; and one track, Come On In This House/Have Mercy Baby, has the feel and essence of early Butterfield. The cover is not fantastic, but it's the music that matters, and it's superb. And credit to the British musicians that there is no outstanding difference between their tracks and the two recorded in the States, apart from a slight plus in the latter of more easily distinguishable instrumental individuality amongst the patchwork. By their clothes, these two are fairly wealthy dudes; they won't suffer from this.

Michael J



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